

When Sirens Blare

by Godric's Pen

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Fantasy, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost

Pairings: Hiccup/Jack Frost

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-03-13 03:08:26

Updated: 2014-07-04 16:12:17

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:03:01

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,740

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jack has been told time and time again that merpeople are crazy and dangerous. But how can he believe it when he has living, breathing, swimming proof otherwise?

1. Chapter 1

The sea shouted with its harsh waves, slapping against the ship on the rough waters. It was a dark night, despite the stars the pricked the sky, and the ocean looked like endless blackness.

Up on the deck of the ship, a young man leaned against the rail, staring down into the water. He was quite a sight, even in the dark.

He had pale skin, eyes so blue they could've been sapphires, dark eyebrows that contrasted with his snowy white hair that stuck up in haphazard spikes. He was tall and lean, about seventeen, and wore a fine cream-colored shirt, brown pants, a tailcoat of royal blue, the buttons silver.

Clothing fit for a prince.

Appropriate, seeing as he was one.

Prince Jack of Overland.

He blew out a wry chuckle and swung his legs over the railing of the deck to sit on the bar there, thinking of how he'd rather be anywhere but here.

Jack wasn't into this political business. If he wasn't the prince, he thought, swinging his pale bare feet, he'd be somewhere having fun. Laughing and jumping and playing with the children in plaza just outside his castle.

But his father, King North, insisted he come along to this meeting, to see how it was done. Because it would be Jack who sat in the king's throne someday.

Despite his dislike for royal affairs, this particular one did interest him.

Mermaids.

The kingdom of Overland was an island nation, and the ocean so familiar to them that it was called Berk;

In the beginning of their kingdom, their first king had been the mighty Overland, and his faithful advisor and brother was Berk. They'd been an unstoppable duo, and were forever honored and revered by their people, who named their flourishing country and vast sea after the siblings.

Anyhow, in their beloved Berk dwelled those sea creatures.

Half human, half fish.

Unbeknownst to Jack's people, the merpeople apparently had their own kingdom that went back centuries, before Overland was even an idea.

Needless to say, they were not happy about Jack's country.

Of course, they'd left the mermaids alone at first, no reason to bother them, when all they were doing was living their scaly little lives.

But then the shipwrecks came. Sailors disappeared, ships sunk, and it became so horrible that no one would even come near the docks, much less the ocean.

As it turns out, mermaids were not friendly creatures.

They were vengeful and wild, and could kill a man with their bare hands. They killed humans on sight. A mermaid would lure a man, a woman, a child, anyone, into the water.

Once there, in their domain, the human had no chance.

The Overlanders had to fight back, obviously, and whenever they saw a merperson, the creature was harpooned, speared, killed, just like that.

Jack and his father were here to meet the king of merpeople, and try a last resort: a truce.

It was a dangerous gamble, but they managed to set it up, and at dawn, Jack would witness either a peace agreement or a declaration of war.

The albino shook his head, despising such sullen thoughts, and glanced down into the sea again.

He saw something there, something wasn't the moon's reflection.

Jack jolted so hard he nearly fell off the railing.

It was a teenage boy.

He floated there, water up to his chest, so Jack could only see him from the shoulders up. Even so, the younger boy was the most glorious thing he'd ever laid eyes on, the prince had no doubt. His bare skin wet and shimmering in the half-moon's light, pale but sprinkled all over with freckles. He was slender, skinny, and his collarbone was visible even from this distance.

His hair was damp and stuck to his face, dangling in his eyes in a curtain of water-darkened brown. The most beautiful green eyes flickered with wonder and fear at the sight of Jack.

The prince leaned further over to have a better look, hands tightening, knuckles paling, lest he fall.

The stranger in the water faltered a smidgeon.

"Don't be scared," Jack urged softly, reaching a hand out unconsciously, blue eyes gentle, "Believe me, I'm not gonna to hurt you."

The other boy's mouth opened slightly in awe and he swam forward, skinny freckled arms slicing slowly through the water, until he was within inches of the ship.

"My name's Jack," the white-haired teen announced, a grin stretching across his face as he peered down.

The freckled face regarded him curiously, still in a state of shock it seemed, "I'm Hiccup." He said up to Jack, a crooked smile lighting up his face.

"Very nice to meet you, _Hiccup_," the blue-eyed one grinned roguishly, playful charm to his words.

Freckled cheeks flushed just a tad, "Y-you're... You're human," Hiccup murmured, eyeing his dangling legs.

Jack was taken aback, "Yes. I am. You're not?"

The realization hit him like a mallet. That boy was aâ€

"Jack! Get down from there!" The hearty voice of his father called.

The merman below gasped, muttering, "Uh oh," his eyes darting around, panicked. He seemed unsure what to do, limbs flailing anxiously, and oddly Jack didn't want him to go.

"Jack, why aren't you in bed?" North asked, ambling closer as the prince hopped back onto the deck.

Hiccup seemed to make up his mind then, a hand splashing up to awkwardly to wave goodbye.

Jack waved his pale hand as well, flashing him a smirk for good

measure. The merman grinned a toothy smile back, then he turned and dove, a green tail the last thing Jack saw.

He turned back to the king, a smile playing on his lips, "Sorry, North. I had a nightmare, just came up for some air."

He paid no mind to his fib, nor his father's light scolding about proper rest, there was only one thing that kept repeating in his head.

_ He waved at me._

2. Chapter 2

If there was anything Prince Jack detested more than politics (besides shoes of course), it was dawn.

The word itself made him groan.

He hated it. Sure, it was pretty, with the whole 'painting the sky a rosy pink' thing.

But come on. Waking up at dawn? _Dawn_? You might as well not go to sleep at all. Jack had very strict rules about sleeping. If the sun wasn't completely up, neither was he.

But _noooo_. His father just had come and wake him.

"Up, up, up!" King North had said, much too chipper for a man who's actions were about to be deciding the difference war and peace, "Big day, Jack, very big day!"

Jack huffed and pushed the pillow over his head as his father blathered on about wearing his best clothes.

"North," he whined, because everyone who knew his father only called him that, "C'mon, why do I even have toâ€"

"Been through this before, Jack," the king called from the doorway, bustling away to another part of the ship, "Must learn how its done!"

Jack rolled over and sighed.

He was adamant that it wasn't his fault that he was so tired.

Every time he even tried to sleep, there were green eyes blinking back at him. Every minute he spent trying to lull himself into unconsciousness, he'd hear a melodious chorus of, "I'm Hiccup."

Jack's never felt like this before.

He's never wanted so badly to know someone like this. Never needed to speak to someone so much it ached, to touch them so much it throbbed in his chest.

He remembered the tales passed around in the kingdom, stories of those creatures.

They were supposed to be freaks of nature, beasts hiding beneath a pretty mask.

Mermaids were supposed to be vicious witches. Only with fins.

They sung to you, with voices as pure as silk, batted their eyelashes so innocently, so alluringly, you were hypnotized.

Many a sailor had been enraptured by a pretty woman with a glittering tail and a luscious lullaby.

Most didn't come back. Those who did escape, well, they weren't in any state to tell you what happened to them.

Aster Bunnymund, a sourpuss who guarded the royal palace and one of North's most trusted friends, was one of the two who'd ever escaped with his sanity intact.

"The beasts'll snap yer neck and lap up the blood faster than a crazed shark," he'd told Jack once.

But the prince could hardly blame him.

Whatever did happen that time, his best friend, Sanderson Mansnoozie, had lost something.

His voice. Permanently.

So, neither of them really talked about it.

But, even as all these horrible legends and stories, stories he'd grown up with, stories he'd almost always categorized as the pure truth crossed his mind...

Jack found himself questioning them.

Because, well, that beautiful creature couldn't be evil. That merman, that small little merman called Hiccup, was possibly the purest thing Jack'd ever seen.

That awkward smile. That social ineptness, it kept replaying in his head. It didn't fit the description of graceful, manipulative killer in the slightest.

Truly. Itâ€" _he_ was not evil.

He didn't care what the sailors said, what Bunny said, because he knew. Knew.

Jack knew he wasn't in some trance cast upon him by dark sea magic.

How?

Because.

He's only ever seen a pair of eyes glitter like thatâ€"like Hiccup'sâ€"before. Glitter with curiosity, and the desire to know, and innocent wonder. And they belonged to his sister.

And his sister had been the kindest, sweetest, most un-evil person to grace the land.

So, Jack reasons, that perhaps Hiccup is the kindest, sweetest, most un-evil merman to grace the sea.

And certainly, Jack thought, sitting up and smirking to himself, the handsomest anywhere.

* * *

><p>The water felt cold compared to the air. It felt unwelcoming and pushy and it seemed to tell him that he had to be here. No matter how miserable it made him.

Was it just him, or was the ocean basically just a big wet embodiment of his dad?

But never mind that now. Now he was too elated to think about anything that would spoil it.

"Toothless!" Hiccup shouted excitedly, swimming as fast as water would allow. "Toothless, bud, guess what!"

To some, it might seem crazy to befriend and train a giant killer whale. Then proceed to name it Toothless, of all things. However, for mermaids... It was crazy too.

But Hiccup wasn't exactly the typical merman.

The whale turned and grinned as much as an orca could and swam forward to bump his large head into his friend's bare chest.

Hiccup wheezed a little, laughing and patting the whale's dorsal fin, "I missed you too, buddy." His face became excited again, "You'll never guess what happened last night, Toothless!"

Toothless prodded the merman with his large head yet again to urge him on.

Hiccup grinned, "I saw..." He looked both ways exaggeratedly, "A human!"

Toothless made a loud sound of disbelief.

"I did!" insisted the young merman with a slight whine, poking the giant mammal's face indignantly and pursing his lips when a big tongue was poked out at him. "Oh, very mature."

"What did you do now?"

Hiccup whirled around and flushed almost habitually at who it was. "Oh, A-Astrid! Hi, uh, hi, uh, how'sâ€"

The mermaid crossed her slender arms and tilted her chin up, prompting him, "What did you do?"

Astrid made Hiccup very nervous sometimes. Aw, who's he trying to kid?â€"all the time.

With her perfect blonde hair and sharp blue eyes, her gorgeous voice that could cast a spell upon any man and the weapon skills of merpeople decades older than her, she was the best mer-warrior of her age.

She might've been one of Hiccup's best friends, but when it came to humans, she was a coldblooded killer.

Hiccup on the other hand was fascinated with the legged creatures.

He rubbed the back of his neck, "Oh, nothing, I just found this, uh, great... Erm, stuff and I thought it would be perfect for, uh, my... new... Uh... thing?"

Toothless snickered behind him. He shot the whale a look. _Shut up. _"Useless mammal," he muttered.

Astrid laughed, twirling her axe and bumped his shoulder, "You're such a weirdo."

Hiccup chuckled half-heartedly, "Well, it's part of my charm."

As much charm as he had anyway.

He was a freak among his kind.

Merpeople were enchanting, graceful. They were symmetrical, beautifulâ€”_perfect_.

Hiccup was awkward and clumsy, with a crooked smile and little brown dots scattered across his body.

Others had smooth voices, sultry and entrancing. His was more of a nasally sarcastic drawl.

Mers had magic. Power that was beautiful and terrible. A mer could twist your mind until you were begging them to kill you, staring at them with hazy, worshiping eyes.

And, there was no greater magic than Hiccup's own father's, Stoick the Vast, King of the Sea. He could churn the entire ocean into a whirlpool with a single swipe of his triton.

Hiccup the Sea Prince had no magic. And if he did, it's humor was as ironic as Hiccup's, because it hadn't made an appearance in the fifteen years that he'd been alive.

"So, your dad's talking to the king of the humans today, huh?" Astrid said, rolling her eyes in disgust.

"Yep," Hiccup tried to say nonchalantly, but his mind reeled at the very word 'human'.

Sapphire blue eyes pierced his mind. A pearly smile stretched behind his eyelids. "My name's Jack," echoed in his eardrums.

Hiccup knew he was strange. He knew he was different from the other Mers. But this probably took the cake.

He saw a human, and his supposed "merman instincts" didn't kick in. He didn't feel the urge to entrap itâ€_him_, torture him, or even simply attempt kill him.

He could never kill him. As much as Hiccup wanted to want to, he didn't.

If anything, Hiccup wanted to... Befriend him. Get closer, caress his pale face, feel his hand intertwined with his ownâ€"

O~kay, so maybe a little more than befriend.

He only nodded as Astrid went off about 'how they could even _dare_ set foot in our seas, we're merpeople! The ocean is ours and ours alone!'

Meanwhile, Hiccup just wondered if he would ever see the human boy again. He had to be on that boat for a reason, right? He could be traveling with the king. He could be the king.

No, Hiccup shook his head, he was too young to be the king. _Perhaps the prince. Or maybe just a very good-looking, charming servant who likes to cavort with mermen in the dead of night.

—

Hiccup lingered in his spot with Toothless, stroking the whale's head absently.

Astrid had begun to swim off, towards the Great Hall, were King Stoick ordered everyone to wait until the meeting was over.

When it was, the mers would either prepare for battle, or sigh and shout about the compromises the human king was sure to try to make.

Astrid turned when she realized she was alone, bejeweled headband glittering, "Hiccup? You coming?"

The young merman's head snapped up, eyes somewhere far away, "Huh? Oh-oh yeah! You go on, I'll catch up."

Astrid glared suspiciously, but only gave a warning 'hmm' and went on her way.

Hiccup watched until she was out of sight, turquoisey-blue tail no longer visible, then raced off in the other direction.

His skinny arms pushed through the water as Toothless made a loud sound of question behind him.

"I'll be right back!"

Toothless' tiredly sarcastic warbling behind him was something Hiccup took to mean, "Don't get yourself killed!"

Hiccup grinned crookedly without looking back, swimming even faster, fierce excitement building inside him.

He would see the meeting in person.

Perhaps curiosity did kill the catfish.

It was a good thing he was a merman then.

End
file.